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JUST AND WISE.

IN ONE most important respect the new War Revenue bill, despite the increased demands it makes upon incomes and profits, is far more considerate than its predecessor of 1917 toward those who will find it hardest to pay these unprecedentedly heavy taxes.

The new revenue measure provides that income taxes may be paid in four instalments extending over a period of nine months.

During the early part of 1918 The Evening World, in a series of editorials, strongly urged upon Congress and the Treasury Department the justice of thus easing the war tax burden for shoulders upon which it bears most heavily.

On Feb. 21, 1918, The Evening World said:

> The people of the United States have responded nobly to appeals made to them to help the Nation out of their current and future earnings.
>
> Why shouldn't the Government now make it easier for them to help still more by giving them the option of paying their income taxes, if they so desire, in several instalments after June 15?
>
> The Treasury of the United States can lose nothing by a policy which relieves pressure upon pocketbooks it desires to see open for its future needs.
>
> The country's business and financial balance can lose nothing by a plan which draws millions of dollars of tax money out of circulation gradually instead of all at once.
>
> Why doesn't Secretary McAdoo cause to be set before Congress the all-around desirability of an amendment to the War Tax Law which shall provide that income taxes may be paid this year in fixed instalments up to Dec. 1?

Last year the Treasury decided it could not wait for the money. The time limit for the full payment of all income taxes remained June 15.

The new War Revenue bill as agreed upon by the Conference Committee of the Senate and House, on the other hand, contains a provision of precisely the kind urged by The Evening World.

Under Title II., Income Tax, is found in Part IV., Administrative Provisions, the following:

> Sec. 250 (a)—That except as otherwise provided in this section and sections 221 and 237 (dealing with alien individuals or corporations subject to taxation) the tax shall be paid in four instalments, each consisting of one-fourth of the total amount of the tax. The first instalment shall be paid at the time fixed by law for filing the return (March 15) and the second instalment shall be paid on the fifteenth day of the third month, the third instalment on the fifteenth day of the sixth month, and the fourth instalment on the fifteenth day of the ninth month, after the time fixed by law for filing the return.

This means that a man with a $400 income tax to pay, whose savings have been depleted by extra demands, whose income is strained to the utmost by the high cost of living and who does not want to sell his Liberty Bonds to pay his income tax, can pay that tax this year in four payments of $100 each on March 15, June 15, Sept. 15 and Dec. 15.

The bill further provides that extension of time for the payment of any given instalment may be granted by the Commissioner. But here interest is charged:

> In any case in which the time for the payment of any instalment is at the request of the taxpayer thus postponed there shall be added as part of such instalment interest thereon at the rate of one-half of 1 per centum per month from the time it would have been due if no extension had been granted, until paid. If any instalment is not paid when due, the whole amount of the tax unpaid shall become due and payable upon notice and demand by the collector.

On the other hand, the taxpayer may pay his entire tax in a single payment instead of instalments, "in which case the total amount shall be paid on or before the time fixed by law for filing the return (March 15 next), or, when an extension of time for filing the return has been granted, on or before the expiration of the period of such extension."

In this privilege of payment in instalments, the framers of the new War Revenue measure have given wise and just consideration to a large class of taxpayers.

In this class are many who have never paid an income tax before; many upon whom, even though they have had time to plan for bigger war taxes, the greatly increased levies will press heavily because their efforts to keep up with the cost of living and at the same time respond to war demands have left them scant margin from which to hand out considerable lump sums; many whose power and willingness to help Uncle Sam are substantially strengthened by opportunity for distributed payment.

The certainty that income taxes can be paid, if the War Revenue bill is passed as it stands, in four instalments between March 15 and Dec. 15 will do much to promote cheerfulness, confidence and courage in many places where industry and business need them.

It should help greatly the coming Victory Loan.

PUNCTURELESS AUTO TIRE.

Instead of an inner tube a new punctureless automobile tire has a removable rubber core that is solid except for cup shaped air spaces at each side to afford resiliency.

HEART BEATS AFFECT WRITING.

According to an English scientist there is an individuality in heart beats affecting the handwriting to such a degree that it can be identified when writing is magnified.

"That's No Scrap of Paper!"

By J. H. Cassel

How Great Wars Were Ended

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 35—Denmark's War With Prussia and Austria.

THIS is the tale of a highway robbery, pure and simple, with Bismarck as the arch-robber and with the plucky little country of Denmark as the helpless victim.

Two giants—Prussia and Austria—held up a midget and picked his pockets. The rest of the world selfishly looked on and made no move to intervene. All this did not happen in the so-called Dark Ages, but in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

As a war it was feebly contested, though contested with all of Denmark's puny strength and dauntless courage. But its ending and its after-results helped to shape the future of Europe.

Denmark for years had been the prey of stronger powers. Napoleon held the luckless kingdom under his thumb. Then the Congress of Vienna lopped away Norway, which had been part of Denmark, and made the Danes cede it to Sweden.

Napoleon Holds Denmark Under His Thumb.

Among the richest possessions of Denmark were the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies, and on these Bismarck cast covetous eyes. The territory would look well on Prussia's fast-swelling map, he figured, and he set out to acquire it.

Even in those days Prussia longed to conquer the world with mailed fist. But at that time the mailed fist was not yet strong enough for such an effort as was made, later, in 1914. Still the Schleswig-Holstein provinces seemed needful to Prussia's swifter development, and Bismarck resolved to annex them.

So Prussia combined with Austria, making a secret arrangement to divide the loot with the latter country. Austria, as "the bully of Europe," eagerly entered into the scheme—perhaps putting faith in the lying old maxim that "there is honor among thieves," or else not realizing that Prussia would never willingly share her plunder with any accomplice.

The death of the Danish King, Frederick VII., in 1863, gave Bismarck the opening he had been watching for. Christian IX. succeeded Frederick to the throne. Bismarck then thrust forward a puppet of his own as heir to the throne. This pretender also assumed the title of "Duke of Schleswig-Holstein."

In the ensuing tangle Prussia and Austria made formal claim to Schleswig-Holstein. The Danes confidently expected that the other great nations would interfere in behalf of the right. But Bismarck apparently had guarded against such a move. None of the Powers made any active protest nor went to Denmark's aid.

Accordingly the Danes prepared to defend themselves as best they might. One historian gives the following terse account of what followed:

Danes Accept Terms of Armistice.

"Denmark, unaided by allies on whose support she had relied, was forced to go single-handed into the unequal contest. After a brave but utterly futile attempt at resistance the Danes found themselves forced to submit to the terms dictated by their powerful foes and to resign not only Loeunburg and Holstein, but Schleswig. By the peace of Vienna, 1864, the Danish King bound himself to submit to such decision as Prussia and Austria should adopt in regard to the destiny of the severed Danish provinces."

All Europe was virtuously aghast at the bold-faced robbery which none of Europe had taken the trouble to prevent. But, by sharing the blame with Austria, Prussia was able to make good her abominable position.

As soon as public indignation had had a year or so in which to die down Bismarck made his next move. Prussia suddenly declared war on the unsuspecting Austrians and in seven weeks had thrashed them. (The story of that war has already been told in this series.)

The victor's peace terms included the ceding of Austria's full share of the Danish loot to Prussia. Thus did the stolen Schleswig-Holstein provinces become Prussian territory.

The Affliction of Argufying

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Either Side of a Question Is All the Same to a Born Arguer.

"WHEN she came into the room I just pleaded an excuse and left. I knew my luncheon hour would be spoiled." In these words a friend of mine told how she avoided a person who is a persistent arguer.

My friend is one of the kindest women in the world. She is gracious to everybody and rarely speaks evil of any one.

"Do you know I believe it is a disease," she went on, "an affliction. There are people that can no more keep from arguing than they can refrain from eating. It is a terrible thing. If they would only argue about important things or of something that can get somewhere. But this girl somehow just will not agree with you on anything; on the simplest statement she puts up an argument.

"You may say to her, 'This has been a very mild winter.'

"'Well there has been some rainy weather early in the fall,' she answers.

"'Skirts are being made shorter,' you may say. 'I have seen a great many that are quite long,' she will answer.

"Nor will she be satisfied with a mere answer. But if you give any sign of continuing the argument you may expect a siege of it until she has the last word. So what I do with people like that is to give them absent treatment," my friend concluded.

There is considerable wisdom in her words. I know people just like that. I recall one young woman who became the most unpopular one in her set just because she persisted in this pernicious habit. For it is a habit, pure and simple.

She puts up an argument on everything. Men did not like her because whenever they talked to her about their business interests she would even argue about that because she tried to give the impression that she knew something about everything. Her associates soon realized that she didn't.

This girl joined some war workers and pretty soon she had the whole unit in an uproar. She knew how to cut bandages better than any one else, she thought. Even wanted to tell the teacher. Pretty soon this girl found herself practically alone in this group.

I know of a father who became separated from his family because of his everlasting argument about everything. They said of him that he got so used to arguing that when something came up that he really wanted, he argued himself out of it.

There seem to be people whose aim in life is just to take the other side of any question and they can argue with as much fervor on the side they are against as on the other.

I have known friends become strangers to each other and almost enemies because of this proclivity for parleying and parrying about trivial things. Many a time such people wonder why they are not popular. The reason is that they are soon found out.

As a general proposition we like agreeable people, not those who constantly disagree. Of course, no one cares much for a placid person without any opinions, and one relishes an occasional good argument about something interesting.

Those people who give their views honestly, even though heatedly, and forget it and smile afterwards are worth while. But the chronic arguifier leaves you with something bitter and distasteful and you don't long to see him very often.

The truth is the argufying affliction is usually a matter of conceit.

You rarely see a person like that in the successful places in life. They are usually withered and worn. They get nowhere.

The world welcomes one with opinions but not one who is opinionated.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

Finland's mineral deposits, long known but unexploited, will be thoroughly studied by an organization recently formed at Helsingfors and surveys will be made for new ones.

* * *

A rack in which theatre or restaurant patrons can leave their cigars when they enter with the assurance that they can be obtained again, clean and intact, has been designed.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

What Is One Woman's Bargain Is Another Woman's Worry.

"OH, it is dreadful what those poor Armenians suffered!" said Mrs. Jarr sadly to Mr. Jarr, meeting him in the hallway. "And I want to show you a hand-drawn table cloth I got at such a bargain!"

Mr. Jarr did not quite see the connection as regarding Armenian suffering and the hand-drawn table cloth, but said nothing and, after he had received his home-coming kiss, Mrs. Jarr took up the thread of her remarks as she removed a superfluous and projecting one from the drawn work.

"Oh yes," she went on, "a poor Armenian man was here to-day telling me all his troubles! And he had the most beautiful laces and everything. And I just couldn't help buying something from him to help him along, and you'd never guess what I gave for this tablecloth—I've paid more for a centre piece of the same work. And the man told me he was losing money on it—but I wouldn't give him a cent more, and so he let me have it."

"It's very handsome," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"And all hand work," Mrs. Jarr went on. "Clara Mudridge-Smith has got one just like it and she paid twice as much as I did for hers. It would have been cheap at $30 and I only gave the man twenty for it. So you owe me $10."

"How do I owe you $10?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Because I saved $10 in buying it," Mrs. Jarr explained. "I really saved ever so much more by not going to the expensive store where Clara Mudridge-Smith got hers. She thought it was SUCH a bargain that she took me there. I thought she was going to make me a present of one, but she is so envious of people that haven't as much money as she has—she doesn't want them to have the things she has. So she took me to the store when she bought her hand-drawn tablecloth and raved about how cheap it was, because she knew I'd never pay $45 for one when you and the children are so hard on the table linen! The children cut their bread on the tablecloth when I am not looking and you are almost as bad!"

Mr. Jarr protested that he was very careful and that Mrs. Jarr could put the finest napery on the table and he'd do it no harm.

"I guess not!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I'll keep such fine things for when we have company—people I don't like—because those are the people you have to do the most for. But you can let me have the $10 I saved buying it. That's what you can do."

"I'm glad that your system of economics do not prompt you to the belief you have saved $25 on it," remarked Mr. Jarr, "for I haven't that much money;" and he passed over the $10.

"The idea!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Didn't I tell you Clara Mudridge-Smith had paid too much for her tablecloth, the same kind as mine? I don't call that saving money, I call that extravagance!"

"Well, don't save any more money that way," advised Mr. Jarr. "It is hard on the old bank roll—or at least what used to be a bank roll."

"Supper won't be ready for an hour yet," said Mrs. Jarr, "and I am going to run over to Clara Mudridge-Smith's for a few minutes. She is feeling badly. Thinks she is going to have the influenza and phoned me if I couldn't come in and cheer her up as she has a terrible fit of depression. And I'll take my tablecloth over with me and show it to her."

So Mrs. Jarr hurried out on her errand of cheer to a depressed friend.

"Look, Clara!" she cried, as the maid ushered her into the invalid. "Look, I bought a table cloth just like yours! What was it you gave for yours—like this one?"

And she displayed it.

"I can never remember what I buy—that is, I can never remember what I pay for things. I just have them charged!" said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "But my husband knows, for he carries on and says he is being ruined when the bills come to him."

"But you must remember, I was with you when you bought yours," Mrs. Jarr insisted. "I think you paid $50 or $60 for it. And they told you it was an exclusive pattern. Well, I only gave $50 for mine. A poor Armenian, I pitied him so, I couldn't haggle with him, or I might have gotten it cheaper!"

"It may be second-hand!" snapped the ailing friend.

"Oh, no, it is brand new," said Mrs. Jarr. "As I told Mr. Jarr, I am never extravagant, but really couldn't haggle with the poor man."

Then Mrs. Jarr gathered up the table cloth and said she really must go, and her friend thanked her for calling and said she felt the visit had really cheered her up.

But after Mrs. Jarr was gone she told the maid to give that old hand-drawn table cloth to the janitor's wife—those things were getting so common!

The Hard-Luck Golfer

By Stuart Rivers

An Unfinished Round on the Public Links.

DIDJA ever play golf on a public links, Eddie? No? Well, say, that's the place to find out if you're a real golfer or not. And you learn to dodge the swift ones up there too—yes, it takes a real acrobatic guy to play golf on a public course—and live.

Smithers—you know Smithers—looks like he could take a bite out of a golf ball and digest it. Some people don't like Smithers—maybe they got cause.

Ordinarily he's known as just plain "bugs." Of course there's some that say he's a crab and a grouch and a lot of other things, but that's only when he drives without waitin' for the crowd ahead to get out of the way—that's a habit of his—or when he drops out of a foursome to look the rest of the afternoon for a lost ball. On a golf course little things like that worry some people terrible.

Anyway, this bein' the closed season at the club, Smithers calls me up one day last week and says he's evolved a brilliant scheme of hittin' the trail for Van Courtlandt, where he can hammer the pill for eighteen spasms without goin' any damage to the surroundin' furniture.

I played golf on a public course, Eddie—once, so I wasn't holdin' my breath 'till I got there, but Smithers wept into the phone and I finally gave in. He stopped for me in his car and we begun the great adventure.

To start things real pleasant and sociable there weren't any caddies. You never saw Smithers carry his own clubs, didja, Eddie?

We waited in line for only about two hours—it wasn't very crowded that day—and finally it come our turn to hit off. The weather was a little bit chilly and we'd got cold. Smithers teed up, then he knocked a chunk outta the ozone. It surprised him considerable—Smithers has paid out a lot of money to me and some other pros. learnin' what he likes to call "his form," and it hurt when he looked over his shoulder and saw that ball still sittin' on the little pile of sand.

Besides that, some one in the crowd standin' around the tee, grunted, you know, disgusted like. I was hopin' Smithers wouldn't do nothin' rash, and held my breath.

Thank heaven he hit it the next time—sliced into the woods, but we got away without any casualties on either side.

I dug out of about four divot holes and come up to the green playin' six and looked around for Smithers, then he ambled up over the hill and I wanted to know what he'd done with his clubs.

Smithers ain't profane—ordinarily—but he'd forgot his bag and left it up in the woods.

We let the next pair behind go through—which come pretty near breakin' Smithers's heart, and after he'd collected his belongings from the landscape, we finished the hole.

Both of us did equally bad on the next, but Smithers had a run of luck on the third and chipped a mashie for his second dead to the pin. He was all ready to let bygones be bygones and call it a fine game when we heard some one shoutin' "Look out!"

Smithers run for a tree and hid. I didn't get time, all I could do was duck—and pray. Then the ball passed between us singing a song of murder and sudden death.

After a time Smithers come out.

Well—he missed the putt, finally made the hole in five, and from then on you might say the round really started.

But I will say this for Smithers, he certainly can come back. It was on the twelfth hole that he tied two wood shots together, regular screamers. I see his brassie light up somewhere near the green and I breathed a prayer that it was somewhere near the hole. Smithers kinda raised my hopes a little by lettin' out a yell of joy.

We finally got to the green and begun lookin' for Smithers's ball, you know, casual like, around the pin at first, then in the bunkers and finally in the rough.

"Say, mister," says a kid we hadn't noticed before. "Was you lookin' for somethin'?"

There's no use in repeatin' what Smithers said, but I told the kid what it was all about.

"Huh," says he. "A boy took it. He run off that way," and he points toward Canada.

Smithers didn't say anything, he just stuck his putter in his bag, picked up his clubs and walks slowly over to his car, where he starts the car.

"How about the other six holes?" says I, not thinkin'.

I haven't seen Smithers since then. I come home in the subway, just a little bit thankful that I was still able to climb the steps.